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A
P O E M

To the MEMORY of

T H O M A S

Late MARQUISS of *WHARTON*,

Lord P R I V Y - S E A L.



L O N D O N:

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P O E

MEMORANDUM

P R O

MEMORANDUM OF MR. H. W. H. H.

FOR THE RECORD



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To the Right Noble

LUCY, Marchioness Dowager of *Wharton*.

MADAM,

AN Illustrious Character requires the same Conduct in Poësie, that a beautiful Face does in Painting. To fall but the least Degree below the Life, or to rise much above it, are Extreame that will be equally condemn'd by all good Judges: But to present Nature so insensibly heighten'd, as that she shall still appear to be the same, is that happy Art which cannot fail to please, and which need not be afraid of Censure.

If in the following Essay I have err'd in the First of those Extreame (which I have just Cause to fear) They must Answer for it, who were better qualify'd to do Justice to the Memory of my Lord WHARTON. It argues a Declension of Wit, when we see the greatest Character of the Age go off, utterly neglected by the Muses. But if Wit is leaving us, we have the Comfort to see a much better thing, and that is Honesty, reviving in its room, by Royal Influence and Example.

DEDICATION.

If this Poem should renew that Distress which dwelt too long upon Your Ladyship's Mind, I beg that for your own Relief you would consider, that every true Lover of his Country took Part in your Sorrow for so universal a Loss; that *Great Britain* now enjoys the Fruits of HIS Labours, in the happy Establishment of the Illustrious House of BRUNSWICK on the Throne of *Great Britain*: And I may venture, at this distance of time, to offer it as a just Mitigation of your Grief, That your Ladyship had in the same Person, the best Patriot and the brightest Peer for your Husband; who, to shew that You were equal to such a Comfort, gave in his last Moments the most express and endearing Testimony to your conjugal Virtues: These have always been esteem'd the greatest Perfection and Ornament of the Female Life.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most Humble, and

most Devoted Servant,

A
P O E M

To the MEMORY of

T H O M A S Late Marquifs of *Wharton*.

Lord P R I V Y - S E A L.

Vain are these * Pomps, thy Funeral Rites to grace,
And blazon forth thy long *Patrician* Race;
These Banners mark'd with boasted † Feats of old,
And Streamers waving with distinguish'd Gold:
Proud *Hieroglyphicks*! where are darkly shown
Thy brave Fore-fathers Merits, not thy own.
Herald forbear! these painted Honours give,
To Names that only in thy Paint can live.
Thy Colours fade near this illustrious Clay,
And all thy gawdy Gilding dyes away.

See, Heav'n displeas'd thy fond Attempt upbraids,
And claims the Province thy bold Hand invades;

* *The Marquifs of Wharton was Interr'd at Winchindon, on the 22d of April, 1715: The total Eclipse of the Sun happening whilst his Remains were upon the Road thither.*

† *Plaisir en faits d'Armes. The Motto of the Wharton's Arms.*

Untimely Darkneſs gathering round the Skies,
 Blackens the Morn to grace his Obſequies.
 The ſickning Sun ſhines dim, and in the fight
 Of gazing Crowds, reſigns his waning Light;
 Mark how he labours with Relapſe of Night!
 How his diminſh'd Face a Creſcent ſeems,
 Like *Cynthia* newly Silver'd with his Beams.
 But as in full Eclipse his Light expires,
 Back to its Source our gelid Blood retires;
 Chill'd with Surprize, our trembling Joints unbrace,
 And pale Confuſion ſits on every Face.
 The bleating Flocks, no more the Shepherds Care,
 Stray from thoſe Folds to which they would repair.
 Home to his Young the Raven wings his way,
 And leaves behind him his untasted Prey.
 While tow'ring Larks their rival Notes prolong,
 They drop benighted in their Morning Song.
 Darkneſs and Horror reign o'er Earth and Skies,
 And Nature for a while with WHARTON dies.

O! ſpeak, refulgent Parent of the Day!
 With beamy Eye who doſt the Globe ſurvey;
 Thou radiant Source of Wits diviner Fire!
 Thou trueſt Judge of what thou do'ſt inſpire!

Say,

Say, hast thou seen in any Age, or Clime,
 Since thy bright Race began to measure Time,
 So great a Genius rise? in ev'ry Part
 So form'd by Nature, finish'd so by Art?

Such manly Sense, with so much fire of Mind?
 Judgment so strong, to Wit so lively join'd?
 No Prepossession sway'd his equal Soul,
 Steady to Truth she pointed as her Pole:
 Convinc'd of varying in the least Degrees,
 Her pliant Index she reclaim'd with Ease.
 Early thro' Custom's and Prescription's yoke,
 Tyrants of weaker Souls, his Reason broke.
 Good Sense revering from the meanest Hand,
 He durst Authority in Robes withstand.

Determin'd always on maturer Thought;
 Still by new Reasons, to new Measures brought;
 Firm, but not Stubborn, Thoughtful not Involv'd;
 Swift to perform what slowly he resolv'd.

No Tempests rag'd within his peaceful Breast,
 Where kindling Passion, Reason soon suppress.

Midst all Events his Firmness he maintain'd,
 Strugled with Great, but flighter Ills disdain'd.
 Thus what Philosophers could only preach,
 His inborn Virtue did in Practice reach.

Nature design'd him Master of Address;
 None knew it more, nor seem'd to know it less.
 It work'd like Magick on your yielding Heart,
 Sure was the Charm, but secret was the Art.
 In Human Nature most exactly learn'd,
 The artful Man he through his Masque discern'd.
 With chosen Baits that every Temper take,
 He knew of Knave or Fool good use to make.

His easie Breeding free from Form and Rules,
 That stiffen the Civility of Fools,
 Of various Turn, for all Occasions fit,
 Was squar'd with Judgment, and well touch'd with Wit.
 Free of Access, from Affectation clean,
 Great without Pride, nor when familiar, Mean.
 Obliging always with good-natur'd Sense,
 Nor apt to give, nor apt to take Offence.
 Nor fond when kind, nor harsh when most severe,
 Betwixt Extreames he justly knew to steer.

Yet

In Conversation wondrous was his Art
 To guard his own, and sift another's Heart.
 To Mirth and Wit he led the chearful way,
 Reservedly Open and discreetly Gay;
 Nor could the softest Hour his secret Soul betray.
 Bright as the Youngest, as the Oldest Wife,
 In both Extreams, alike he gave Surprize.

In Body active, yet his sprightly Mind
 Within that Body felt her self confin'd.
 When Thoughts important claim'd no longer Place,
 Then Building, Planting, and the speedy Race,
 Paintings and Books successive took their Round,
 No Blanks of Time were in his Journal found.
 Skill'd in the Ends of his Existence, he
 To be unuseful thought was not to be.

Polite his Taste of Arts, but vain was Art
 Where Nature had so greatly done her Part.
 Through tiresome Mediums we at Truth arrive;
 His easie Knowledge seem'd Intuitive.
 No copy'd Beauties meanly form'd his Mind,
 By Heav'n a great Original design'd.

The Seeds of Science in his Blood were sown,
Born with Philosophy, 'twas all his own.

Nor Bribes nor Threatnings could his Zeal abate
To serve his Country, and avert her Fate.
Firm to her Laws and Liberties he stood,
Submitting private Views to publick Good,
Who could Obsequious with the Current swim,
Whigs might be call'd, but Tories were to him.
Persons or Parties he no longer knew,
When swerving once from Honest, Just, and True.
Oft has he stem'd the Rage of Impious times,
When Patriots Virtues bore the Brand of Crimes.
To check proud Tyrants born, and Factions awe,
But most devoted to good Kings and Law.
Twice his dear Country was on Ruin's brink,
Resolv'd to save her, or with her to sink,
His brave Attempts successful twice he saw,
Once in Wise BRUNSWICK, once in Great Nassau.

No bolder Champion in Religion's Cause;
None fought more Battels, nor with more Applause.
To Arms he flew as Danger press'd her home,
And snatch'd the hopeless Prey from *France* and *Rome*.

But

But as from Conscience pure, Religion springs,
 He Freedom press'd in Unessential things.
 Coercive Laws, he rightly understood,
 Might make Men Hypocrites, but never good.
 All genuine Virtue is by Nature free;
 And will, when forc'd, no longer Virtue be.

Who justly would his Eloquence declare,
 Himself must WHARTON'S fertile Genius share.
 Would you conceive it? See how o'er the Sands
 Fair *Thames* advances where *Augusta* stands.
 Gentle he flows, but with resistless Force,
 Not like the rapid *Rhone*'s impetuous Course;
 Tho' deep, so clear are his transparent Streams,
 His Bottom rising to his Surface seems.
 Full is his spreading Current, but restrain'd,
 And still within its flow'ry Banks contain'd.
 Alternate Wealth his two Extrems unfold,
 Downwards he sends us Bread, and upwards Gold.
 Flow, sweetest River! still thy Course prolong!
 Thus deep and clear, thus gentle, full and strong,
 That distant Ages may the Image see,
 Of WHARTON'S finish'd Eloquence in thee.

So shall no Torrents foil thy Chrystal Stream,
Thou Patriots Emblem, and thou Poets Theme!

Ye Nobles who surround the *British* Throne,
Reflect its Lustre, and improve your own;
You who resemble, in rich Robes of State,
That Majesty August on which you wait,
Witness how often his decisive Sense,
His Wit, his Art, and copious Eloquence,
Have singly won the Question to his side,
Made *Oxford* blush, and *St. John* drop his Pride;
Whilst every Ear was with his Accents charm'd,
As every Breast was with his Ardour warm'd:
Faction was touch'd, and felt the secret Force,
Dumb and convicted, but without Remorse,
Envy with Rage contending in her Face,
To see his Triumph and her just Disgrace.

Nor less in Council did his weight appear,
The ablest Statesman, as the brightest Peer.
Thou mighty Prince, who from perfidious Power
Dd'st speed to save us in a timely Hour;
Whilst Beauty joyn'd with Valour form'd thy Train,
To grace our Court, and raise our martial Vein;

Whose rising Beams made drooping Credit thrive,
 Religion spring, fair Liberty revive;
 Say, if thy chosen Ministers, who fate
 With thee to guide the great Machin of State,
 A more Consummate Character could boast,
 Than that which *Britain* in her WHARTON lost.

Oh! had kind Heav'n (if Prayers were not too late)
 Another *Lustrum* added to his Date,
 How would his Head, his Heart, his Hand conspire,
 To punish Traytors as their Crimes require?
 To crush Rebellion, bridle Factious Rage,
 And quell the Monsters of an impious Age?
 How would his Bosom beat with Joy to see,
 Great *GEORGE*! the *British* Legend true in thee?
 To see thee o'er the vanquish'd Dragon ride,
 And free thy Kingdoms from his Rage and Pride?
 Whilst Peace and Plenty spread their golden Wings
 Around the best of Men, the best of Kings,
 And every Tyde shall waft into thy Ports
 Wealth from all Lands, and Homage from all Courts.

But Sov'reign Heav'n, whose Ways are ever wise,
 Just drew the glorious dawn before his Eyes;

D

And

And for his happier Son reserv'd the Sight
 Of *Brunswick's* Power in its Meridian Light.
GEORGE shall in Him prove Honour, Courage, Truth,
 And find the Father in the pregnant Youth.

Thus the great Leader of the *Hebrew* Bands,
 Through opening Billows and o'er burning Sands,
 From *Egypt's* Yoak, and haughty *Pharaoh's* Chains,
 To *Canaan's* fruitful Hills, and flowing Plains,
 From *Pisgah's* height the promis'd Land descry'd;
 More was forbid; he saw, Rejoic'd, and dy'd.

S. I. N.